

way. In the car with him were his brother, Douglas Beattie; County Officers Jarrell and Flynn and Detectives Wren and Wiltshire, of the Richmond force, who have worked on the case from the beginning, and whose testimony yesterday afternoon proved in many respects the most damaging. Sergeant Wiltshire directly stated that the large spot in the road could not have been caused by blood dripping from the car as described by Beattie. Both of the officers considered that there were many flaws in the story of the husband of the murdered woman.

**Beattie Very Calm.**  
Beattie showed no emotion whatever. His own nerve has not failed him. When released from the witness stand he lighted and inhaled one cigarette after another. Later he borrowed a paper, but did not read much. At one hitch in the proceedings, while waiting for a witness, he was noticed looking at the "Mutt and Jeff" cartoons in an afternoon paper.

The ride through old Manchester, where he must have been known by sight to most of those passed by the car, was taken with equal lack of any emotion. Seated on the back seat with County Officers Jarrell and Flynn, and County Officer Flynn in uniform standing up, and County Officer Jarrell on the front seat, every passerby realized that he was under arrest, and the streets thronged with newsboys crying the latest extra with details of the inquest. In a cloud of dust, the car was followed by Detective Captain McMahon, Captain George Pollock, Mayor D. C. Richardson, Chief of Police Werner, Police Commissioners Manning and Gordon, Special Agent Scherer, of the Chesapeake and Ohio, a star witness of yesterday afternoon, and a number of other officers, private and public, who have worked on the case in one form or another.

The proceedings at the City Jail were brief. The County of Chesterfield, which has its jail at the courthouse, far in the country, has been made an arrangement for commitment of prisoners arrested on the outskirts of South Richmond in the Richmond jail, pending their hearing before a magistrate. Beattie is, therefore, held on a warrant for the Chesterfield authorities. He was removed in the usual way and assigned to a private room on the second floor, comfortably, if plainly furnished, reserved for those awaiting trial, and not yet convicted of any crime. His brother, Douglas Beattie, was allowed to stay with him for a time. Through the kindness of the gravity of the situation, he also maintained his even nerve, both during the grilling inquest and at the jail. The white-haired father, one of the most respected and well-to-do merchants of South Richmond, who had been by his boy throughout the day, at times suggesting a whispered question to his attorney, showed no trace save the over-depending lines of a strongly marked face.

**Declares His Innocence.**  
Though no longer on the stand as a witness, young Beattie has the right to be heard today when the coroner's jury continues its investigation into the circumstances surrounding the death of his wife. By advice of counsel, he made no formal statement for publication, but both on and off the witness stand maintained his composure. He admitted he had known for two days that the charge would be made, that his arrest was only a matter of time, and that the whole energy of the police and special agents was devoted to making out a case against him. In one sense he seemed a little relieved that an uncertainty hanging over his head for the past two days had ended, and he could now settle down to a battle with the array of accusing facts brought against him in a court of justice in which the law gives him the benefit of the doubt. He was evidently anxious with a lawyer, Harry M. Smith, Jr., whose chief part appeared to be to counsel Beattie to refuse to respond to certain lines of questioning, especially as regarded his relations with the Binford woman. Mr. Smith asserted that these questions were evidently asked with a view to establishing a possible motive for the crime, and, therefore, might serve in some sense to incriminate Beattie if he answered.

The coroner ruled that the accused man had a constitutional privilege to remain silent as to any question that might incriminate himself, and that it was clear that this was the only ground on which he could refuse to answer, as refusal otherwise would be contempt of court.

At the request of Commonwealth's Attorney Gregory, and with the approval of the coroner, the Commonwealth is being aided in the prosecution by Louis O. Wendenburg, who took a leading part in the examination of witnesses yesterday, the battle revolving itself to the spectators into a war of wits between two well-known criminal lawyers, with a highly dramatic background.

Detective Scherer explained on the stand how he came into the case at the request of Ben P. Owen on the night of the murder. Mr. Owen having asked his aid in securing bloodhounds, Mr. Scherer afterward told of the conference of detectives at the coroner's office, the examination of young Beattie at the Loving home on Thursday afternoon, Scherer, Judge Gregory and several others, including the Richmond detectives, advised an immediate arrest, but that course was opposed then by Ben P. Owen, who desired to follow still further the case, and in which he was working, and by Detective W. G. Baldwin, whose advice was asked, and who held the evidence at that time to be insufficient to justify an arrest.

## CORONER'S INQUEST

Criminal history in Virginia will hardly furnish a more dramatic scene than that witnessed yesterday on the lawn of Coroner Gregory, on the Middlethorpe Road, a mile or so beyond South Richmond. During the entire morning jury and lawyers sat on the wide porch while Henry C. Beattie, Jr., answered unflinchingly a series of questions, point after point being pondered in the minutest detail, first by Judge Gregory, Commonwealth's Attorney, and then by Louis O. Wendenburg, associate counsel for the prosecution.

From the start the hearing was antagonistic to Beattie. He was asked at every turn how he could explain some seeming discrepancy. Sometimes his explanation was ready, sometimes he was unable to account for certain apparently irreconcilable circumstances. Blood on the back of his coat furnished a topic of discussion. Beattie was uncertain whether he had his coat on or off at the time of the murder. The position of the alleged assailant and the manner of his attack were also much emphasized. The ear of Beattie was pointed in evidence. It was drawn up behind the neck and young Beattie, wheeled into a position making the steering wheel and demonstrating how



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he held the body of his wife on that wild ride back to the Owen home.

**Not Disturbed by Arrest.**  
In the afternoon, Beattie was still on the stand, but with Detective Scherer sitting beside him. He was then under arrest charged with murder. There was little change in his face—a slight twitching possibly of his right hand, but his calm never broke, and he answered clearly, asserting that his family life had been happy and that no man could say there had ever been a cross word between himself and his wife.

The Binford woman proved the sensational witness of the afternoon. But seventeen years old, and a companion of young Beattie in devious ways since her thirteenth birthday, she yet answered straightly the questions put to her, admitting that in the resumption of her relations with the accused in the past few months she had been the aggressor, and that she had written and telephoned him after coming here from Norfolk, and finally persuaded him to see her at Eighth and Grace streets almost under threat of telling her family of her former association. Her testimony grew from the State Farm and by the Richmond detective who accompanied them. The clot of blood in the road, the mechanism of the motor car, and the blood stains yet to be seen on it were discussed in detail, two detectives testifying that the spot could not have been made in the road by blood dripping from the machine.

Hearsay evidence from witnesses, yet to be examined in person, shows that a tape line was put in the exact spot where the gun was found at the Bell Line Railway crossing. Beattie had told of threatening it in the back of the home. At any rate, it was not in the car when he got to the Owen place. One man described a spot twenty feet from the crossing, where the weapon wound, and the witnesses were of

opinion that the gun could not have fallen from the car in the manner described.

**The Hearing in Detail.**

It was fully 11:30 A. M. when the jury was seated and called to order on the porch of the Loving home. The car was brought out, the gun and clothes worn by Beattie were put on a table, and the young husband himself was called to the witness chair. His father sat behind him, with his counsel, H. M. Smith, Jr. On the other side were Coroner J. G. Loving, presiding at the inquest; Commonwealth's Attorney Gregory, of Chesterfield county and his associate L. O. Wendenburg, with Louis Scherer, special agent of the Chesapeake and Ohio, who had all the papers and measurements and handled the case for the army of detectives, public and private, who had been working on it. Mayor D. C. Richardson, for many years Commonwealth's attorney in Richmond, was seated by Judge Gregory throughout the day. Dr. Lovings announced that no photographers would be allowed, and the police were directed to eject one amateur and destroy any films he might have snapped. Otherwise newspaper men were given every facility. Dr. Lovings personally seeing that sufficient chairs were provided for an army of reporters gathered hastily from many sections.

Motor cars and messengers came and went. Several hundred people stood on the grass, packed closely against the porch railing, until it became necessary for city and county officers to unite their efforts in keeping the crowd back. There were many delays in beginning with gathering rumors of newly discovered evidence and of exciting and sensational developments. The car was critically examined inside and out by Mayor Richardson, Judge Gregory, Major Werner, Captain Wright, Detective Wiltshire, who wriggled completely underneath it, and others.

Ben P. Owen and his brother, Thomas E. Owen, uncles of the murdered woman, at whose place she was staying at the time of the tragedy, and where her five-weeks-old baby is still being cared for, sat silent and careworn behind the Commonwealth's attorney. Though consulted in many points, they

## MEN WHO GOT CONFESSION



CAPTAIN T. J. MCMAHON.



MAJOR LOUIS WERNER.



CAPTAIN ALEX. WRIGHT.

took no active part in the case, and during the recess was in consultation for a time with H. C. Beattie, Sr.

Young Beattie and his father and brother arrived early and stood about the grounds for a time, smoking and chatting with friends. Alderman John Moore, of South Richmond, was with young Beattie for some time, while his father and brother were in close conference with H. M. Smith, Jr., who arrived hurriedly in a taxicab, having been summoned from another case.

Plain clothes men from the Richmond force assisted in guarding the grounds. Policeman Frank Gentry, of the First Station, was in charge of the blood-stained motor car.

There was much mystery as to the whereabouts of the Binford woman, who report said was secreted in a house of a neighbor in charge of men from Mr. Scherer's office. At any rate, the detectives were able to produce her when her name was called. In full view of the impatient crowd, Mr. Scherer and Mr. Wendenburg again went over every part of the automobile in detail, inspecting the location of every spot and the mechanism of the machine, even to starting and stopping the motor and driving about the grounds. Under and around and inside they went like bloodhounds. The seats were taken out and blood stains examined under the cushions, the floor was dragged up and the inner mechanism revealed.

At 12 o'clock, when the formal hearing opened and John G. Winston, a court stenographer, began the taking of testimony, Dr. Lovings made it plain that there must be perfect order, announcing that the yard was full of plain clothes policemen, and that at the first movement the place would be cleared. The jury was again called, as follows: T. J. McMahon, T. C. Verby, W. A. Jacob, J. A. Morton, P. C. Verby and Taylor Robertson. The members were reminded that they were on their oath to inquire when and where and by what means Mrs. Henry Clay Beattie came to her death.

Attorney H. M. Smith rose and stated that it was proper for him to say under the circumstances that as revealed by the newspapers, and from the conduct of the inquiry, a suspicion was directed against H. C. Beattie, Jr., husband of the murdered woman, and that on advice of young Beattie's friends he had been requested to be present. Mr. Smith declared that he had advised Mr. Beattie to tell everything he knew in relation to the killing of his wife.

**Beattie Tells Story Again.**  
Judge Gregory resumed the questioning interrupted at the former sitting by the inability to secure a stenographer asking young Beattie when, where and under what circumstances, and by what means Mrs. Beattie came to her death. Beattie thereupon told again of the night of the crime in detail, saying he had left the Owen home to go to a drug store to get a prescription filled for Mrs. Owen. It was about 10 o'clock, and he had suggested that the drug store might be closed. Dr. Mercer, who had written the prescription, said the next morning would be time enough.

With his wife in the car he drove to Washington & Early's drug store, in South Richmond, and he had suggested that the drug store might be closed. Dr. Mercer, who had written the prescription, said the next morning would be time enough.

He had started back, and had gone to a half mile or a mile, coming along talking, when I saw some object in the road. I put on the brake and the car stopped with the man at the side of the machine. He spoke up, "What the hell are you trying to do? Run over me!" I said we ought to have done it; that he had all the road and plenty of room. I reached down and put on the clutch to start, when he said "Stop! If you don't, I'll shoot you," and raised the gun and pointed it at me. I had no idea he would really shoot, and started the car. Just as I did he raised the gun and fired. I pulled the brake on hard and the car stopped instantly. My wife fell over behind me as I leaned forward in the seat.

"I asked where it was, and they showed me where the blood spot had been found," he said. "I did not recognize the place from the surroundings, as I was watching the road in driving. I saw the blood stain."

## COUSIN CONFESSES PURCHASE OF GUN FROM PAWN-SHOP

(Continued From First Page.)

and it was signed by Beattie after reading.

I, Paul D. Beattie, hereby state that during the week of July 10 to Henry C. Beattie called me up at my house and asked me to meet him at the corner of Short and Main Streets, which I did, and after meeting him we talked for a while, and he asked me to buy him a shotgun, whereupon I asked him what he wanted it for, and he didn't tell me, what he wanted it for. I told him that I would, whereupon I went to a pawnshop in Sixth Street and picked a double-barreled shotgun, the kind he had advised me to get, and on the following Saturday night, about 10:15 o'clock, which was July 15, 1911, in company with Henry C. Beattie, in his, the said Henry C. Beattie's, automobile, I went to the pawnshop and secured the gun, paying \$2.50, and delivering the same to Henry C. Beattie, whereupon we both got into the automobile, and he, the said Henry C. Beattie, brought me home, arriving at home about 11:15 P. M. July 15.

I also state that I bought three shotguns from W. B. Kidd's hardware store, at the corner of Harrison and Cary Streets, on the afternoon of July 15, 1911, and gave them to Henry C. Beattie.

(Signed)  
P. D. BEATTIE.

Witnessed by  
ALEXANDER S. WRIGHT,  
SAM STERN,  
THOMAS MCMAHON.

The arrest of the young husband was the next move contemplated by the officers, and a telephone message to Dr. Lovings brought the news that Henry C. Beattie, Jr., in company with his father, had just left for home to have dinner. Fearing that some news of Paul Beattie's confession might leak out to Henry Beattie and give him the tip to escape while he was at home, entirely unguarded, Captains McMahon and Wright called an automobile, and with their star witness and Sam Stern, made a record dash across the river to the home of Henry C. Beattie, Sr.

To avoid a public demonstration, the automobile was left a block away on another street, and McMahon and Wright, in citizens' clothes, entered the Beattie house. The accused was quietly eating dinner, surrounded by members of his family.

Captain McMahon walked into the dining-room, and the startled company arose from their chairs.

"Henry," said McMahon, "although it is sad for me, I must tell you that fresh evidence just discovered forces me to place you under arrest."

**Beattie Not Surprised.**  
Not a word was uttered by any one, the prisoner, his family and the officers, still without a word or sign of surprise, Beattie turned and walked toward the officers, and the three left the house. No words were exchanged between the crushed family and the son, and the trio walked rapidly away. Once around the corner, Captain McMahon thought it well to apprise Beattie of the fact that his cousin was waiting in the car, relieved of the dreadful knowledge that meant everything to the young husband.

"I think I should tell you that Paul is waiting in the car over there," said the captain, slowly.

"Paul who?" asked Beattie, with a look of complete surprise.

brother and seen Deputy Sheriff Snyder there with his dogs. He did not see Mr. Scherer at the time, but said Snyder was fussing because his dogs were not with the others. Ben P. Owen told him it was not a time to fuss. That was about 6 A. M. of the morning after the murder.

"Was any effort made to place the car over the blood spot?" Beattie was asked.

"No, I was back and forward several times during the day."

"Was any effort ever made to place the car over the blood spots when you were present?"

"Yes, day before yesterday. There was a crowd about. I remember Mr. Wiltshire was there. He handed his pistol to some one to hold for him."

"Why was the car placed over the blood spots?"

"In an effort to incriminate me, I suppose. They did it because they could not find anything else, and were trying to blame it on me. I knew that when I told my father and brother about the fool questions they had asked me that had no bearing on the case, after me, and Mr. Wells and thought they were trying to direct the evidence against me. Their taking my car and clothes impressed me and my friends that they were trying to incriminate me."

"Paul Beattie."

"Well, what of it?" asked the prisoner.

Beattie gasped. But he was silent, and from that time on to the end of the journey he was dumb. No sign of recognition passed between the two cousins, the accused and the accuser, when the automobile was reached, and Captain Wright took his place between them on the rear seat. With an eye to the safety and security of his two men, Captain McMahon rode with them in the back of the car, and the dash through the streets to Dr. Lovings' home, on the Middlethorpe Pike, was accomplished without delay.

During the gruesome ride Paul Beattie became more and more wrought up, and began to exhibit signs of his impending collapse, while his cousin sat silent and calm, smoking a cigarette. Henry Beattie broke his silence only once on the ride, and that to ask for the last edition of the papers, one of which was given him by the officer. Until the arrival at the scene of the inquest he was reading the account of the morning proceedings at the hearing, in which he played such a prominent part. Not for one moment did his stoical calm forsake him; he appeared a man of steel.

The collapse of his cousin just before the falling of the coroner's jury did not seem to worry him. In the slightest, and aside from casting a glance in his direction when Paul dropped to the ground, Henry paid no attention to him.

**Caused a Sensation.**

The effect of McMahon's news on the crowd and jurors cannot be described. It dazed them. Nothing was more unexpected at that juncture than the disclosure of new evidence in regard to the ownership and origin of the shotgun, and the triumph of Paul Beattie, McMahon and Wright was only more complete because of the baffling veil of secrecy that they had woven. The opinion of those who heard the trend of the testimony at the morning session, and saw the tenacity with which Beattie held to his story was that the coup of the Richmond Police department supplied the one link that was absolutely essential, to the fixing of the guilt.

When the overstrung and anxious spectators realized the immensity and significance of the discovery made by Werner, McMahon and Wright, they were quick to express their admiration and congratulations, and for the rest of the day the three officers were the centre of a madly talking, wildly speculating group, thirsting for details of the discovery. For a while the officers were in danger of losing the ultimate benefit of their achievement, and the Commonwealth was threatened with the loss of its best witness, the death of Paul Beattie, but telephone messages from the City Home late in the evening told of the recovery of the more important figure in the case, and relieved the suspense under which every one was laboring.

With this eleven-hour evidence the chain seems complete. But it was supplied by Major Werner and two men working under him. It thrilled and stunned the county and special officers, who had hunted in vain.

"How is it possible for a gun to have struck you as you have described?" Beattie was asked.

"Beattie," said the gun and illustrated, saying that there were no things no man could answer. He thought an assailant was a man with a "face full of beard," but could not tell his age. It might have been a long shave the man threatened.

"Do you mean to tell us that this man threw a gun and killed your wife without provocation?" he was asked.

"Other people have been shot at around here in motor cars without provocation," was the reply.

"Many further questions, going over and over the same ground in minutest detail, Mr. Smith pressed, but this was the first time in his experience as a lawyer that a coroner's inquest was a "third degree."

"I never saw such a grueling at an inquest in my life," he asserted. "The detectives have had him and gone over all this. The evidence is not to elicit information, but merely to get my client into trouble."

The coroner ruled that counsel could object to any question. Beattie explained his willingness to answer to everything. Mr. Wendenburg explained that as he was the only person present, the minutest details were of importance, whether some one else was to be involved in the case or not.

Mr. Smith objected to his client's grilling as not proper on the witness stand, and the examination proceeded.

As to the position of Mrs. Beattie in the car after the shooting, the witness said he found her with her head toward the wheel lying down on the floor doubled up. He pulled her up

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back of the car and found my wife had fallen over on the bottom of the car. I picked her up, resting her across the two seats, and tried to feel her pulse and heart, but I was so excited I couldn't tell whether they were beating or not. I called for assistance and Mr. Wells and Mr. Owen came, so I started back to the Owen home.

"About half way back the front lights went out, either from fast running or from getting water in the tanks. I jumped out and looked in my coat for a match, and found it (the coat) on the rear seat. I lit the lamps and ran down to the Owen place."

**Severe Cross-Examination.**  
Then began three hours of minute cross-examination, every statement Mr. Beattie had made being taken up in turn and subjected to searching scrutiny. Judge Gregory began:

"How long was the struggle between you and the alleged assailant?"

"I should say a couple of minutes," answered Beattie. "It was hardly a scuffle. When I ran up to him he hit me and I grappled the gun and fell back."

"How far did you run?"

"Half the length of the car. I grabbed for the gun, feeling desperate, and pulled it from him."

"Beattie explained that he was leaning forward in the car with his hand on the brake when the gun was cast at him. Measurements were taken of his normal position in running the car and in leaning forward for the brake. The only stop being made, he asserted, was to light the lamp, which probably took two minutes. He had then possibly half way to the Owen home."

In answer to questions, Beattie said he had been to the place several times since, and seen the spot.

"Yes, I was just looking straight ahead, not on either side particularly."

**Wendenburg Takes.**  
Mr. Wendenburg here took up the examination, and brought from the witness the statement that he saw no vehicle on the return trip, which was taken at a fast pace. The car was running well, and going back to the man, Mr. Wendenburg wanted to know how far away he was when first he saw the car.

"About twenty-five feet," said Beattie. "When I stopped the car he was in the left side of it, in line with the front and five or six feet out from the front window board."

"Well, then," continued Wendenburg, "why didn't you go to the car?"

"Your business?" You cleared him five feet. He was not in front of you, but five feet on one side when you stopped."

"What did you stop for?"

"I stopped so I could change the gear before starting. He must have jumped back out of the way. I didn't see the gun until he pointed it at me."

"When he said, 'Stop or I'll shoot,' what did your wife say?"

"Beattie said, 'I was looking at the man, and I saw she was looking at him in the same way.'"

"What did your wife do?"

"She didn't do anything. She made no outcry at all. I suppose she left it to me to manage."

Beattie did not recall whether the night was particularly cool. His wife did not say a word about turning back because she was chilled. He did not remember when he took his coat off. When he looked for it he wanted to get matches to light the lamps, and then it was on the back seat of the car. He said he did nothing to aid his wife for her own part, and when he came back he found her lying dead.

"How is it possible for a gun to have struck you as you have described?" Beattie was asked.

Beattie, said the gun and illustrated, saying that there were no things no man could answer. He thought an assailant was a man with a "face full of beard," but could not tell his age. It might have been a long shave the man threatened.

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